/162 cont./

512 I did them an injustice; at half-past seven a procession of seven comes around the corner in the fastest quickstep, one behind the other, the tribal sorceress at their head, all loaded with [482] mandioca roots. The old woman is carrying a bundle of them loose on her head, and behind her runs a young woman with a heavy back-basket; is it her husband who is following her? Likewise [854] bent under the load of a basket he walks forward, on his left hip a straddling boy whom he clasps heedlessly, as though he had hurriedly picked him up from the ground.

592 We visit the house of the professor. In the moderately light [352] room one at first distinguishes only a number of vertical and [252] horizontal posts, brown hammocks; the old woman and a younger one are sitting on the floor most diligently scraping mandioca with a shell, the naked legs buried in the parings.

[353] Two families have divided up in the space; the conjugal chambers are characterized by the fact that two hammocks are fastened, one above the other, to the same post. In the center there is an empty circle, and round about, /163/ radially, the "individual rooms" divided off, not by partitions, but merely by [354] the posts. The upper vault is blackened by smoke. Three or [251] four stones form the simple hearth. The flour is put into huge [252] pot vessels (up to 77 centimeters in diameter); the beijús are [323] roasted on flat, rimless bowls. The clay is blackish brown, the vessels are made by hand by the women.

352 We sit on small, low benches; they are rectangular, slightly concave, made out of dark-brown palm-wood, usually in octavo form, and not a decimeter high.

412 The stone axes, which are sticking in the wall (the longest [353] 24 centimeters), all have the same shape: a thick wooden cylinder, [135] offset at the bottom by a thinner handle. The stone is supposedly found farther downstream (1). /Illustration appears here./

1. Herr Prof. Arzruni of Aachen was kind enough to examine the material carefully and has identified it as diabase, a rock made up of augite, plagioclase, mica, chlorite, and

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123 During the first two days I modestly restrained myself in order not to alarm the good people; I also noticed that one of the men was almost always detached for special duty near me and thus a sort of guard was established; when on the first night, after I had taken my leave, I wanted to stay up for a while with a light and write in my journal, old Paleko appeared at the door and asked me just as politely as urgently to go to sleep and blow out the candle. My discretion bore good fruit; they soon took me into the two large houses: in one Paleko and my intended were the chief occupants, in the other Tumayaua and [122] his daughter. They took me out to fish, to the launching of the new canoe, and the like, and everything could not have been better, if only I had not suffered from chronic hunger as a result of their hospitable, but for me absolutely inadequate [206] board. I had to try to help myself by heavy smoking and in this [512] respect achieved what was humanly possible, whereas almost the only time the Indians gave themselves up to this pleasure, but then in a body and with great enthusiasm, was during our nightly tobacco meeting outside on the plaza, the jolliest hours of the day.

345 My little house had served at the time of the festivals as [122] the dance house, "kxato-éti," or "flute house." Two reed [534] flutes hanging on the wall in a case made of buriti-palm straw were the only remains of past glory. For me, however, it was [562] better this way, for the women, who passed in and out of this ruin freely, may never enter the flute house of the men. It was seven paces wide and nine and a half long; the main posts in the center, standing two and a half paces apart, which supported the roof, were four and a half meters high. At the top, in the straw roof, a vent one meter and three and three-fourths meters long was left open. A couple of fish weirs stood in one corner, but otherwise there was nothing but the two posts, from one of which I had stretched the hammock over to the wall.

231 Besides my guard of honor, I also had the company of a japú (Cassicus), who seemed like a green tropical Jim Crow /Hans Huckebein/ to me; he was permitted to sit only up in the

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[512] [152] [278] The taciturn Indians, men and women, chattered constantly, and Eva's delightful laughter rang out merrily. The women were all busy. One was scraping a reddish bark which, when cooked, furnishes a curative brew, a second was pounding mandioca grains in a mortar. Now and then a swallow was brought to one of the men in the hammock. A beautiful [272] picture there by the flickering fire that leaped up at the enormous kettle; the naked woman with long hair was skimming off the milk-like, gently bubbling foam of the püserego in a little pot and pouring it back again and again with a vigorous swing of her arm. Others stepped up, yours truly as well, and tasted, licking their fingers. My intended looked very trim, [231] too, her "raven-black Mongolian hair" had glints of faded light brown, and she was squatting in front of three discontentedly cawing green parakeets which she was feeding out of [262] a little pot. Then my turn came; she placed a freshly baked, golden yellow beiü flat-cake in front of me and did not forget to remark that it was her own handiwork.

Fat Yapü had fallen asleep. I, too, was overcome by a pleasant weariness in the unfamiliar, mood-evoking equableness of the domestic activity. I could not resist the pleasant invitation to take a midday nap, although in the largest hammock there I squirmed like a fish in the net.

I had slept soundly. The picture had changed. The women [515] sat outside on the plaza, five in a row one behind the other, busily engaged in delousing. Anyone who caught a little [262] animal placed it on the tip of the tongue and swallowed the delicacy or gave it to the original owner, who received it from the rear in her upturned right hand. The men were attentively watching swallows, "iri"; Luchu shot at them without hitting them; when a pair took its prey in the air, this aroused general interest, and good old Paleko furnished explanatory comments. Everywhere dolce far niente. Only the ants did not celebrate; large carregadores marched by, heavily laden with pieces of stalks and charcoal.

/68 cont./

intercourse between the two sexes goes back to a time when each man had to see to it that he had his wife for himself alone, sought to protect her from the lustful glances of his fellow tribesmen, and, for this purpose, used the clothing that developed either out of the pleasure of adornment or out of reasons of utility. Then clothing itself became sacred. It is certainly an interesting parallel if we regard the naked Indians as an indecent lot and imagine ourselves in the soul of a Bakairi who would not know what to do out of shame if he saw the dreadfully indecent Europeans united at a table d'hôte. He would quickly become accustomed to it, however, and would perhaps the very next night dream that he was back on the Kuliseho, would find old and young cozily gathered together dining on a tapir roast, and would be astonished to be informed by the chief: "We always eat together now."

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[512] Tobacco club. My friends were most natural in the evening after the day's burden and toil, when we men sat together smoking on the village plaza. A more harmless conviviality could scarcely be imagined, although, or if one wishes, because, there was no drinking. Punctually, with his long pipe, like the first of the people of rank at the table reserved for the regular guests, stiff-legged old Paleho appeared, the spindle-shaped bundle of tobacco, a twig with leaves for wrapping, and a chunk of wood in his hands, and squatted down on the sitting beam, sighing contentedly. [516] My back soon became sore in this sitting position a handbreadth above the ground, and I would drag my oxhide out of the hut. A couple of sticks were placed together radially, along with the glowing chunk of wood, and a small fire kindled. The clay pipe was unknown; /68/ they smoked cigars or regular cigarettes, albeit 25 centimeters long. The leaf wrapping was still green and was held over the fire for only a few seconds; it gave off a balsamy odor. The cigar went out frequently; it was held against the embers to light it again. Occasionally one would have fire given to him from the cigar of his neighbor, but in that case he handed him his own which the other would put